

# Their Firsts

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Summary: There's a first time for everything, especially with Hijikata and Gintoki. The first time they slept together, the first time they got stupid together, the first time they tried to kill each other (though we have already seen that one). A small series of HijiGin drabbles, as they go through all of their firsts, growing slowly closer to one another. DAILY UPDATES.

## 1. Chapter 1

The first time they slept together, it was Gintoki who initiated it. His 'Good Samaritan' deed of the year, if you please.

Soon after the Okita Mitsuba incident Hijikata changed. He became more withdrawn, more tightly wound than usual. When Gintoki stumbled into him at a local bar, he felt it instantly - the dangerous vibe radiating from Hijikata was becoming disturbingly similar to what Takasugi gave off when he got his mean streak. The same appetite for destruction.

And Gintoki knew of only one easy way to, if not satisfy it entirely, then at least keep it in check. Equipped with many years of experience, he wasted no time in getting Hijikata sufficiently drunk and dragging him off to a nearby love hotel.

Fumbling with their clothes in the dark, he kissed and scratched and bit it out of Hijikata, his fury, his pain, frustration, everything. Until they were both left exhausted and empty. Gintoki got out of there at the break of dawn. Waiting for the morning cuddling wasn't really his thing, and neither were the hotel fees, for that matter.

## 2. Chapter 2

When their going to the love hotels all over Kabuki-cho got too

conspicuous, Hijikata dug deeper into his wallet and bought a tiny apartment on the outskirts of the area. He told Gintoki it was a place he had owned for a while and the freelancer seemed to believe him, or at least not care enough to question him further.

For a while the only piece of furniture had been a futon. They didn't have use for much else anyway. But slowly, almost sneakily, things started to accumulate. There was now a TV that Gintoki dragged in from a weekend garage sale and a small fridge stuffed with parfaits and mayonnaise bottles Hijikata got delivered from a local shop in bulk orders. Shonen Jumps, interlaced with Shinsengumi files, were stacked next to the futon.

Hijikata wasn't quite sure what to make of it. This was beginning to feel suspiciously like home. Except that Gintoki already had a home and people waiting for him there. And so did Hijikata, by the way.

Several times Hijikata came in early, packed up all of the stuff and stood in the middle of the once again empty room for hours. It would be so easy to just throw all of this out. It was mostly old junk anyway. He knew Gintoki wouldn't complain. He'd just go back to sleeping on work days in Yorozuya and being useless.

The last time he tried this new routine of staring at a modest pile of plastic sacks and boxes it took him two cigarette packs before he went to unpack again. Precisely \_because \_it would be so easy, he wasn't sure he was ready to throw it away. \_Any of it.\_ He got out of the place just before his shift was about to start. If he hurried, he could still make it to the fresh fish stand. He had spotted tuna on sale there the day before. Maybe it was time to substitute empty sacks and boxes with some frying pans. For now.

### 3. Chapter 3

The first Valentine's Day craze to come their way was agreed upon by both parties to be entirely ignored. Which is why it was to Hijikata's utter dismay that upon meeting up in the most unromantic of the bars, Gintoki pulled out a haphazardly wrapped gift box.

Hijikata willed his face to stop burning as he brushed the delicate black lace spread inside with his sword-calloused fingers. Apparently, Gintoki got him a pair of edible underwear. And not the boxer shorts type either.

After the initial shock had subsided, a part of Hijikata wondered why he was even that surprised. In a way, the fact that Gintoki would pull a stunt that managed to be kinky and laughably absurd at the same time, made perfect sense, if one stopped to think about it.

And besides, it's not like Hijikata himself was much better.

Pondering if that was Gintoki's roundabout way of letting him know that tonight his ass was finally on the line, Hijikata slipped a hand inside his uniform pocket to get a hold of a gift of his own. A promise ring. He even had it engraved. Gintoki was gonna love that one. And Hijikata was gonna love the look on his cocky face when he

realized that it wasn't meant for his finger.

#### 4. Chapter 4

**\*\*A/N:\*\*** If this one seems a bit longer, it's by design. I know I promised daily updates, but I will be away for 4 days starting tomorrow, so it's highly probable that I won't be able to post new chapters. In order to somewhat make up for the lost time, I will post two chapters in one day when I return. Until then, please make do with this.

Gintoki didn't know that when he slept next to Hijikata, he often had nightmares and talked in his sleep.

The first time it happened, Hijikata awoke with a start from a dreamless sleep only to find Gintoki tossing violently on the futon next to him. He had kicked off the blanket, his naked body terribly tense, fists grasping at the sheet.

Hijikata touched his shoulder, trying to wake him, and felt beads of cold sweat on his palm.

Before he could understand what the hell was really happening, he felt Gintoki curl in on himself under his touch and suddenly break out in a string of broken phrases half-drowned in pleading moans.

It was nothing like Hijikata had ever heard before. Granted, he hadn't heard that many people talking in their sleep, he was a Shinsengumi after all, not a tooth fairy. But he did notice quiet murmurs escaping Yamazaki when he occasionally dozed off on the job, usually something inconsequential about badminton, and of course everyone and their dog around the Shinsengumi headquarters heard Okita counting Hijikata's dead bodies in his sleep on a regular basis. But this was something else entirely. What in the world was this useless freeloader lamenting so pitifully? Hijikata caught the word '\_sensei' \_several times and then he thought he made out '\_Takasugi'\_, but that might have been just his police instincts kicking in.

His first instinct was to shake Gintoki awake, but the thought of doing even a small bit of violence to this curled up childlike body seemed unbearable. In his growing confusion Hijikata did the only other thing he could think of. Quickly sliding back onto his futon next to Gintoki, Hijikata tugged him close, wrapping Gintoki in his arms, covering him with his whole body, struggling to at least still the other's trembling. He stroked soft slightly damp hair, wracking his brain for whatever soothing things he could come up with to whisper to him. It took a while, but finally disturbing sounds stopped pouring out of Gintoki's mouth and Hijikata could feel his body loosen and relax.

Hijikata never went back to sleep that night. He stayed like that, wrapping himself securely around Gintoki until he saw Gintoki slowly stirring awake. Hijikata let him go then. He rolled over to his side of the futon and lit up a much needed cigarette. Better not freak him out so early in the morning, and to avoid unnecessary questions, \_especially \_to avoid unnecessary questions. He wouldn't want Gintoki to find out. A very persistent voice in his head told him that Gintoki would never want Hijikata to see him that way.

It was this realization that stirred Hijikata in a strange way. The fact that he had seen some deeply buried, very intimate part of the man, whom, despite their having spent more than a few nights together, he really didn't know much about. Maybe that was just another sign of his police sense rearing its head. Maybeâ€¦

Hijikata inhaled the smoke deep into his lungs and watched the features of Gintoki's face that now returned to their usual irritatingly slack expression. It seemed that the crisis, whatever the hell it really was, had passed. For now. Hijikata didn't know if the nightmare would make another cameo appearance. But if it came back to torment Gintoki again, he would be there to greet it.

## 5. Chapter 5

Gintoki sometimes felt like there were two Hijikatas. Which was absurd of course, there was no way the universe could possibly sustain two of those crazy bastards. Yet still\*\*,\*\* there was the obnoxious Vice-Commander of the Shinsengumi in his neatly-ironed, brand new uniform and with an irritating look on his face. The kind that would judge you, if you so much as pissed behind the wrong corner. And then there was another Hijikata. Out of his 'demonic leader' persona and clad in an inconspicuous dark kimono that blended him so well into the endless stream of people flooding the streets of Kabuki-cho. There was a surprising amount of effortlessness, grace even, in his demeanor. The serious, yet relaxed way he carried himself. At times like that even his chain smoking looked kind of cool.

It's the kind of Hijikata Gintoki didn't mind getting a drink with. And then, sometimes, there was more fun to be had. In Hijikata's tiny apartment, messing up the sheets with the lights off (or on, if the mood struck them). Plus Gintoki often got to laze around undistracted afterwards, while Hijikata leafed through a paper, contented and serene.

And then the next day would come and Gintoki would be going to play pachinko or simply breakfast-hunting, minding his own business, really, when he'd find himself nose to nose with a stick-up-the-ass prick threatening him with a parking fine. The Vice-Commander-san, grunting '\_fucking Yorozuya\_' through gritted teeth and something else about useless freeloaders. And Gintoki would just love to say that \_yes, he is; he is already fucking Yorozuya\_, but usually he'd just settle for poking the annoying throbbing vein, that decorates the guy's forehead. That, and a promise of revenge the next time they are getting on with the after-hours program. Which he probably wouldn't keep anyway. Because why would he want to punish his drinking buddy and a good guy Hijikata like that?

## 6. Chapter 6

Hijikata first started to find thisâ€¦ \_relationship \_of theirs vexing after about three months of the same routine. In the evening, after he was done with his duties and Gintoki was done with pissing away another day, they'd meet up for drinks, or dinner, or both and Gintoki would be mellow, docile even, his levels of 'annoying' running at their all time low. He'd still be fooling around, but not

in the way that would get on Hijikata's nerves. And sometimes his gaze would drift off and he'd get this melancholic look on his face, that would tell Hijikata he'd have to keep an eye out for the nightmares tonight. Then Hijikata would pay the bill and Gintoki would pretend not to notice, but it would be fine that way, because it's not like Hijikata was saving for retirement in the first place and it's a good alternative to burying your salary in the backyard. They wouldn't waste the time to discuss what to do next, instead Gintoki would head unsteadily, but decisively towards the flat Hijikata had got for them and Hijikata would follow, somewhat expecting him to change his mind halfway. And then the clothes would come off just as decisively, because they got the whole thing down to a tee by now. And maybe Hijikata would allow himself to murmur 'Gintoki', while his face was buried in the crook of the sweaty neck later in the night.

So why did it have to be so different during the day? Of course, Hijikata didn't expect two grown men to walk around holding hands in broad daylight. He had a reputation to uphold here. Plus, his body was still attached to his brain. But sometimes, having Gintoki openly mock him in the middle of the street with the bite marks, he had given him the previous night, still fresh on his neck was just a bit too much even for Hijikata. He'd start to say '\_Gin-' and would cut himself off, because it wasn't his place call that name. Instead he'd see those annoying human pests of Gintoki's sticking to his side like they were joined at the hip and something would just snap inside of him, flooding his insides with cold but lethal rage.

So far Hijikata managed to swallow that rage. But the line he walked between the satisfaction that the intimacy with Gintoki brought him and the frustration he got from having to pretend it didn't exist was becoming thinner by the day. Especially since there didn't seem to be much pretending on Gintoki's part.

## 7. Chapter 7

A drawn out foreplay wasn't really their thing. They were more of 'getting straight down to business' kind of guys. Which is why, when Gintoki, who was toying around with a can of whipped cream, sprayed some most suggestively on his fingers and stuck them in his mouth, Hijikata almost choked on his cigarette. Putting the cancerous stick aside he gave Gintoki a long hard look from the opposite side of the low table where they had just finished off an xxl-sized pizza. But Gintoki all but bloomed under his outraged gaze. Shaking the can, he sprayed some more, this time in the V of his kimono and gave Hijikata a look of his own, "Wanna play?".

Hijikata decided that he did.

## 8. Chapter 8

"We're out of whipped cream."

Hijikata's grunt sent Gintoki on the futon with a flop. This recent experiment they took to, let him feel good and eat good all at once, which got him almost inappropriately excited. He even skipped dessert this evening, looking forward to their little game. And now this.

"Can't you just go get some?"

Hijikata looked down at his naked and ready to go front, then back at Gintoki.

"You are kidding, right?"

Gintoki briefly considered going home, when Hijikata suddenly perked up.

"Never mind, I got this." He reassured, flicking off the light on his way back.

Gintoki was indignant at first, when instead of feeding him some sugary goodness as he used to, Hijikata went straight for the part of him Gintoki had no desire licking anything off of. But when the tell-tale smell filled his nostrils, he froze in place.

"Hijikata-kun? Are youâ€¦ Is that mayonnaise?"

He could feel Hijikata tense over him.

"No."

"Hi-ji-ka-ta-kun?"

"Maybe..?"

Gintoki fell back on the sheets, feeling nauseous.

"Oh, come on, it's not like you don't feel good."

"No, I feel like a sandwich. Got some baloney stashed away there as well?"

"Gintoki!"

Hijikata finally had to abandon his a post-dinner snack and shut Gintoki up manually.

After they were both satisfied and utterly spent, Hijikata lay there, breathing heavily on Gintoki's neck.

"Once a week," he ventured hopefully.

"Gross. Not a chance."

"Once a month, then."

"Still gross."

"Once a...year?"

"Ugh, fine! Compromise."

Gintoki decided against mentioning that a compromised in his book meant a certain quid pro quo. And boy, was this mayonnaise-loving

twisted sicko gonna pay!

## 9. Chapter 9

Hijikata never really got the point of birthday celebrations. It just didn't seem like the fact of his birth was something to make a fuss about. And then of course there were birthday parties conceived and executed by the Shinsengumi members that often featured pastries laced with tabasco and possibly arsenic, courtesy of Okita Sougo, disco nights DJ-ed by such talents as Kondo Isao and adult entertainment provided by the old pervert Matsudaira. So Hijikata wasn't even particularly surprised when, upon returning from patrol on the day in question, he was ambushed and dragged off to a members only host slash strip club. Not surprised, no, mortified.

He finally managed to slip away, while the rest of the Shinsengumi were busy cheering for Yamazaki, whom Okita forced to dance around the pole under the threat of very public, very corporal punishment.

The buzz in his head from the loud music and downed liquor was slowly dissolving into the crisp night air around him, taking with it the weariness of the long day. He didn't feel like sleeping yet. But he did feel like being alone, somewhere in a quiet place, where he could have the rest of the world fall away and just give himself over to the melancholy that he could already feel seeping through. And Hijikata knew just where to find it.

He bought a new pack of cigarettes from a stall on the corner - his birthday present to himself - and ran up the stairs to his 'Gintoki apartment'... only to stumble over the 'Gintoki' part of it.

Huddled in front of the door, Gintoki was cradling a bottle and a large box. He must have fallen asleep, because his eyes looked blurry and he kept looking around disoriented when Hijikata almost ran smack into him.

The box turned out to contain a clearly homemade cake, decorated with bright pink icing that had '\*\*32!\*\*' scribbled on it in uneven bold numbers. Hijikata carefully carved out a large piece for Gintoki and a thinner one for himself. He decided not to mention that he was in fact turning twenty-eight. It was the thought that counted. Plus the fact that Gintoki had actually mastered enough energy to bake for him. That part was actually kind of amazing.

When they finished a bottle of surprisingly high quality sakã and Gintoki finished the rest of the cake, it was already way past their usual bedtime. Gintoki slid down on the floor next to the table and was measuring Hijikata with drowsy eyes.

"You ready to call it a night, oji-san? Or do you want some adult company?"

Hijikata considered it for a moment. His previous gloomy mood appeared to have lifted and with it went the desire to be left alone. Instead, he felt a strange warmth spread through his body enveloping him like a blanket. He turned off the lights in lieu of explanation and they crawled onto the futon. Wrapping his arms around Gintoki, Hijikata felt relaxed like he hadn't been in years, like every little

thing was in place where it belonged and there was nothing he needed to fix, to fight for. They stayed like this, simply lying with their bodies intertwined for a long time, drifting with the sounds coming in from the outside and shadows that swept across the room.

Gintoki, of course, couldn't help himself. "Is this all you've got? You really are an old man," he mocked twisting around, but there was no usual bite to it.

Inhaling the scent of sugar powder caught in silver hair, Hijikata slowly descended into sound sleep.

## 10. Chapter 10

\_\_\*\*A/\*\*\_\_\*\*N:\*\*\_\_ There are going to be 30 drabbles in total. With this being the 10\_\_th\_\_ , one third is already successfully behind us. \_

The first time Hijikata realized he probably loved Gintoki was on the way to their little hideout.

With some kind of seasonal celebrations, neither of them knew much about, in full swing, they got swept up by the festival crowd. The torrent of people carried them through the colorfully lit up streets, until they were finally spat out near the river bank, where the flowers of fireworks bloomed suddenly in the night sky. There was a smell of yakitori and grilled fish in the air, and little children dressed in bright kimonos sat on their parents' shoulders all around them.

Hijikata looked over at Gintoki's profile, illuminated by the explosions of vibrant lights and felt an irresistible urge to hold his hand. He met with a lazy taunt, '\_what are you a kid?\_', but the cool fingers in his hand interlaced with his own.

When he left Gintoki sleeping in their futon the next morning, Hijikata knew he couldn't dismiss their relationship as just a casual fling any longer.

## 11. Chapter 11 - Part 1 of 2

\_\_\*\*A/N: \*\*\_\_Okay, this one kind of got away from me. Once I got into Hijikata's perverted obsession, I just couldn't stop myself. And since it was turning out way longer than any drabble has the right to be, I decided to split it into two. So here comes \_\_\*\*'drabble 11 - part 1 of 2'\_\_\*\*\_\_.\_

It's the kind of thing that you don't notice until it's about to hit you right between the fucking eyes. Hijikata had always suspected that Gintoki was into some kinky shit (and their whipped cream fun did little to lay those doubts to rest), but in his lifetime he wouldn't have imagined just how deviant he himself could become.

The realization came in waves, akin to a rising nausea. And now that he thought back on it, the first time that things had begun to go south was during his usual evening patrol, when he accidentally stumbled into Gintoki, clad inexplicably in a sakura-patterned women's kimono and with curly pigtails sticking out from the sides of



his head. Hijikata stared into a fully made up face, pink eyeshadow and all, uncomprehending, before grabbing Gintoki by the arm and hauling him out of there.

He never did get a proper explanation, besides the usual moronic 'gintoki-isms' as to why the guy he'd been sleeping with for the past several months, was wondering the streets dressed entirely in drag. But since that incident Hijikata got this craving that he could never quite put his finger on, like a fever that wouldn't subside. He'd be out patrolling and suddenly catch himself standing in front of the stores he had no business shopping in; the bright covers of fashion magazines would hold his eyes for a moment too long as he stopped to buy his usual newspaper every morning. After a week of getting alarmed looks from women on the streets as he kept peering intently into their faces, Hijikata finally gave in and went into the farthest cosmetics shop from the Shinsengumi headquarters, he could find.

## 12. Chapter 12 - Part 2 of 2

The shop smelt of fake rose fragrance and face powder. There, submerged in the sea of nailpolishes, mascaras and eyeshadows of every shade and color, Hijikata could finally feel his fever somewhat recede. A young salesgirl approached him cautiously, asking if he was looking for something for his girlfriend and after a moment's hesitation Hijikata nodded. \_What did the girlfriend look like? Normal. Maybe a bit manish- sporty, sporty is the word! Oh, the skin tone and stuff? She's pretty pale. And she's got very light hair.\_ The salesgirl vanished for a second, then reappeared with a bright red lipstick.

It was deep rosy shade, even its pointy form. The sole thought of seeing it being applied to the puckered lips made the whole other kind of fever spread through Hijikata's body. He quickly paid for the lipstick, stuck it in the pocket of his uniform and spent the rest of the day racking his brain over how to bring up this new little obsession of his with Gintoki.

As one might have expected, it didn't go over well. With the culprit in question sitting squarely in the middle of the table in its beautifully carved container, Gintoki listened to Hijikata's stuttered explanations with a solemn look on his face. When Hijikata was finally out of breath, he went to rummage through the box they had for a kitchen cabinet and came back with a sashimi knife. Then he told Hijikata to hold still, so he could slice his balls off, nice and clean.

Hijikata didn't remember much of the catfight that ensued.

But he did remember the make-up sex. He remembered Gintoki looking both scandalized and turned on, as he let Hijikata paint his lips red and undress him. He remembered then kissing each other senseless, until they were both short of breath like inexperienced teenagers.

But what he remembered most the morning after, was the promise Gintoki managed to extract from him in the heat of passion. Gintoki would let Hijikata paint on him, if he could the in turn paint on Hijikata. And the reason he remembered it so well, was because

currently it was fifteen minutes before the start of his shift and he was frantically scrubbing his forehead, which had \_'I'm a perverted freak'\_ written on it in permanent marker.

End  
file.